

Bobby Bare

"Faster Horses"

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He was an old-time cowboy, don't you understand his
eyes were sharp as razor blades his face was leather
tan his toes were pointed inward from a-hangin' on a
horse he was an old philosopher, of
He was so thin i swear you could have used him for a
whip he had to drink a beer to keep his britches on his
hips i knew i had to ask him about the mysteries of life
he spit between his boots and he replied

"it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and
more money"

He smiled and all his teeth were covered with tobacco
stains he said, "it don't do men no good to pray for
peace and rain. peace and rain is just a way to say
prosperity, and buffalo chips is all it means to me."

I told him i was a poet, i was lookin' for the truth i do not
care for horses, whiskey, women or the loot i said i was
a writer, my soul was all on fire he looked at me an' he
said, "you are a liar."

"it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and
more money"

Well, i was disillusioned, if i say the least i grabbed him
by the collar and i jerked him to his feet there was
something cold and shiny layin' by my head so i
started to believe the things he said

Well, my poet days are over and i'm back to being me
as i enjoy the peace and comfort of reality if my boy
ever asks me what it is that i have learned i think that i
will readily affirm

"it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and
more money" (repeat 2x)

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